

**The Ramparts
Story:
... Um, Very
Interesting**

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for the whole with their own money. Students
Hinkle always flew first class
planes. In New York when
he could not get a taxi, he
hired a private car to make
a short trip in the city. Once
he was stranded in Chicago
during a domestic air strike,
and refusing to take train or
bus to New York, instead flew
to London, and from there to
New York.

By JAMES HEDGECOCK

AFTER a rocky journey from a little liberal Catholic journal with a circulation of 4,000 in 1964 to a big-time, slick, muck-raking political magazine with 250,000 subscribers last year, Ramparts is in bankruptcy and struggling to stay alive.

The San Francisco magazine is trying to reorganize on a more modest scale so that it can continue. A May issue is on the stands right now, all 52 pages of it. But the financial pressures are severe, and the editors are finding it difficult to raise the \$200,000 necessary for reorganization.

In January, Warren Hinckle 3d, the 30-year-old president and editorial director, resigned from Ramparts. He now heads a group of New York reporters who say they will start a publishing conglomerate called Scanlon's Literary House, Inc. Hinckle chose the "Scanlon's" name because he remembered people at a Dublin pub making derogatory toasts

encouraged the Black Panthers to write articles and books, got the Cubans to give Che's diaries to Ramparts, and persuaded Donald Duncan, a Special Forces sergeant who had sickened of the Vietnam war, to set down his war experiences.

But Ramparts was scarcely a radical political magazine. What it did was to popularize for a wide group in the population trends and currents which the smaller left-liberal political magazines had been talking about for years. Viet Report had described how Michigan State University served as a cover for C.I.A. agents working in South Vietnam. Nobody listened. But when Ramparts exposed M.S.U., it was a national scandal. A year ahead of Ramparts, Congressman Wright Patman had disclosed how the C.I.A. used dummy foundations to channel funds to various groups it wanted to support, and The Nation had picked up a story on his committee hearings. The Students for a Democratic Society had added to it, in one of their early pamphlets, telling how the National Student Association was a C.I.A. front. Nobody paid any attention. But when Ramparts took out an advertisement announcing its exposure of the N.S.A., the Government, from the President on down, rocked.

Scheer set the political line, but it was Hinkle's packaging and promotion that sold Ramparts. "I have no politics," Hinkle said recently. Then he added: "I hate magazines." His fascination was newspapering and he tried to run Ramparts amidst an air of continuing crisis, a sort of super-agitated city room. In the end it was more like a wire service than a newspaper. The idea would be to wait past the deadline, descend into a bar, rip up all the copy and rush to a telephone to talk to some would-be correspondent holed up in Bangkok or Stockholm. On the spot, this lucky person could dictate his story to Hinkle, who then typed it up for it. Everyone at Ramparts admired Hinkle's ability to rewrite stories. . . . After he did at 3 A.M.

Shortly after Ramparts made the papers with its C.I.A.-N.S.A. exposé, Hinckle and Scheer held court in New York on a daily basis at the Algonquin Hotel. The lobby was clogged with all sorts of people waiting for an audience. There were eccentric millionaires who had somehow been trapped by Hinckle into thinking up plans for financing Ramparts through the purchase of supermarket chains. There was the man mumbling about the stock prospectus. One of the biggest Hinckle p.r. gimmicks was how Ramparts was just about to go public. The demand for stock in Wall Street was so extraordinary, he said, he just couldn't figure out what to do with all the money.

In the dining room Hinckle would be recounting his scheme for a publishing empire, expanding Ramparts starting one, two or three radio and television stations, starting an authors' agency, setting up teams of reporters who would get the goods on L.B.J., NATO, the Pope, etc. Ramparts would publish books, set up book clubs, start a syndication. . . . If one dared to ask where the money was really going to come from, Hinkle would fall back into his chair and suck on his grasshopper while Scheer lunged forward. "What's the matter?" he'd say. "Got no guts?" It was like a visit with Cohn and Schine.

And it was a long, long way from Rampart's beginnings.

EDWARD M. KEATING, a San Francisco lawyer who twice ran unsuccessfully for Congress as an antiwar candidate, founded Ramparts as a quarterly in 1962 with an eye to creating a vehicle for expression of independent Cath-

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to John Scanlon, a slacker in the Irish Republican Army. The company will have offices in New York, San Francisco and Dublin. Pete Hamill, the former New York Post columnist, is to be the editor in residence in Dublin. Hinkle says his new firm will publish, beginning in June, a magazine called Scanlon's Monthly and devoted to muckraking, develop a subsidiary to distribute magazines to the college market, act as agent for authors wanting to publish books, and sell author's articles to big-time, high-paying magazines. Hinkle says he is assured of \$1-million in investment funds. He is looking at an abandoned macaroni factory at the base of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco for a main office.

Robert Scheer remains as editor in chief of Ramparts. Scheer came out of the New Left in the middle sixties. He wrote against the Vietnam war.